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X-MEN

DIE BY THE SWORD

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new EXCALIBUR

Led by OmniVersal Champion **Captain Britain** and working in collaboration with MI-13 agent **Pete Wisdom**, the London-based **Excalibur** stands as a beacon of hope for Great Britain, rising to meet any threat to the British Isles.



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CAPTAIN BRITAIN



Pete Wisdom



(unknown)
SAGE



Allison Blaire
DAZZLER



T.J. Wagner
NOCTURNE

Pulled together from various disparate realities and led by **Sabretooth** and **Blink**, two survivors of the Age of Apocalypse, the **Exiles** travel from one universe to the next, repairing damaged realities and protecting the integrity of the OmniVerse.

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BLINK
EARTH - 295



Victor Creed
SABRETOOTH
EARTH - 295



Kevin Sydney
MORPH
EARTH - 1081



Betsy Braddock
PSYLOCKE
EARTH - 616



Longshot
MOJOVERSE



John Proudstar
THUNDERBIRD
EARTH - 1100

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THE EMPRESS
MATILDA DOCKS--

--THAMESIDE,
LONDON,
ENGLAND.

THE SWORD IS DRAWN

by **Chris Claremont & Juan Santacruz**

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HOME AND
HEADQUARTERS OF
BRITAIN'S PREMIER TEAM
OF SUPER HEROES:
EXCALIBUR.

TONIGHT,
THEY CELEBRATE
THEIR LATEST, AND
PERHAPS GREATEST,
VICTORY--

--THE LIBERATION OF
THIS ISLAND NATION, AND
POSSIBLY THE WORLD,
FROM ITS WOULD-BE
CONQUEROR, ALBION.

**BRIAN BRADDOCK
(CAPTAIN BRITAIN).**

**ALISON BLAIRE
(DAZZLER).**

ENJOYING
THE EVENING,
AL?

ACTUALLY,
YES. YOU THROW
A PRETTY GOOD
PARTY.

I TRY
MY BEST TO BE A
MAN OF MANY
TALENTS.

**TALIA JOSEPHINE
WAGNER (NOCTURNE).**

HOW ABOUT
YOU, TJ?

I'M WALKING.
I'M TALKING. I'M
HAPPY AS CAN
BE.

I HAVE TO
SAY, YOU LOOK
LOVELY.

WORKIN'
ON IT. THAT'S
FOR SURE.

**PETE
WISDOM.**

THIS
IS A PARTY.
WISDOM.

IF
YOU SAY SO,
SQUIRE.

YOU'RE
ACTUALLY
ALLOWED TO
RELAX.

WHAT
MAKES YOU
THINK I'M
NOT?

WISDOM WON'T
TAKE HIS EYES
OFF ME.

SAGE.

ARE YOU
SURPRISED?

THE
AUTHORITIES WANT
ME HANDED OVER FOR
INTERROGATION.

THIS IS A
PARTY, SAGE.
TONIGHT'S ABOUT
ENJOYING
OURSELVES.



IF I WERE THEM, BRIAN, I'D LOCK ME UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY--

--OR SIMPLY PUT A BULLET THROUGH MY HEAD.



THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

NO, IT ISN'T.

BUT IT DOES MAKE SENSE.



STOP STARING, BRIAN, SOMEONE'S KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

WE'LL TALK ABOUT ALL THIS TOMORROW.

UNFORTUNATELY, I DON'T THINK THAT WILL MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE.



THE WORST THING ABOUT HER ANALYSIS...

...IS THAT SHE'S RIGHT.



WE'VE SEEN HOW DANGEROUS SHE IS.

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW...



...IS WHETHER OR NOT WE CAN STILL TRUST HER--

--WHAT!?!



A black and white comic book panel. In the foreground, a man with short, light-colored hair is seen from the side, looking towards a woman. The woman has dark hair styled in a bun and is wearing a strapless, form-fitting dress with a dark sash and a necklace of large, dark beads. She is looking back at the man. In the background, a giant woman with long, dark hair is holding a large, glowing sword. She is looking towards the man and woman. The scene is set at night, with a full moon and stars visible in the sky. A bright light source, possibly a window or a lamp, is visible in the upper left corner.

BETSY?!?

H'LO.
BRIAN.

HOW'S
MY LITTLE
BROTHER?



YOU'RE ALIVE!

I'M
A BRADDOCK.
REMEMBER?

RESURRECTIONS
ARE WHAT WE SEEM
TO DO BEST.



AFTER ALL
THIS TIME--I'D
ALMOST LOST
HOPE--

--WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU, BETTS.
WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN?

THAT--IS
A STORY.



BEHIND
YOU--IS THERE
SOMEONE
ELSE?

OH, MY.

HE'S
ONE OF THE
PLAYERS.

AND NOT TO
WORRY, HE'S A
FRIEND.

BRIAN
BRADDOCK,
I'D LIKE YOU
TO MEET...



...JOHN
PROUDSTAR,
ALSO KNOWN AS
THUNDERBIRD.

FORGIVE
ME, BOTH OF
YOU, BUT...

...ISN'T
HE SUPPOSED TO
BE DEAD?

HE'S
NOT FROM OUR
DIMENSION.

I'M AFRAID
I'VE BEEN DRAFTED
BY THE EXILES.

A FEW STEPS
LATER, BACK AT
THE PARTY...



I HATE TO SAY IT,
ALL BUT I THINK I'M
AT MY LIMIT.

TIME FOR
BED, HOPE FOR
MORE STAMINA
TOMORROW--



--WHAT'S
EVERYONE
LOOKING
AT?



OH!

OH,
NO!
IT
CAN'T
BE.

WHAT, A CUTE GIRL LIKE
YOU DOESN'T BELIEVE IN
MIRACLES?

JOHN?

YOU
DON'T TRUST
YOUR EYES, TJ.
HOW'S ABOUT
A HUG?

YOU'RE
ALIVE!



ANOTHER PLACE...

...ANOTHER TIME...

THE THING ABOUT THE OMNIVERSE IS THIS--

--IT REALLY IS AS MUCH A PRODUCT OF IMAGINATION AS REALITY.

WHENEVER YOU THINK SOMETHING'S STABLE AND LOCKED, PRESTO, ALONG COMES A GREAT BIG AGENT OF CHANGE.

TO HELP BRING A MEASURE OF ORDER TO THIS ONGOING CHAOS, THE CAPTAIN BRITAIN CORPS WAS ESTABLISHED--

--INITIALLY UNDER THE AEGIS OF MERLYN AND LATER OF HIS DAUGHTER, ROMA.

NOT SO LONG AGO, THE OMNIVERSE WAS SWEEPED BY A TEMPORAL REALITY WAVE OF UNIMAGINABLE POWER...

...THAT LITERALLY TORE THE CONTINUUM TO BITS AND RE-ARRANGED IT.

THEN, AFTER A TIME, IT APPARENTLY REVERSED ITSELF AND PUT EVERYTHING BACK THE WAY IT WAS.

WELL, ALMOST EVERYTHING.

HIS NAME IS JAMES JASPERS.



HE'S SPENT THE TIME SINCE THAT REBIRTH TRYING TO DETERMINE WHAT TO DO NEXT.

THE FIRST THING HE REMEMBERS FROM BACK THEN IS STANDING OVER THE FIGURE OF ROMA. THEY'D NEVER MET BUT INSTINCT TOLD HIM SHE HAD TO DIE.

YOU'RE--THE JASPERS!

JAMES JASPERS: PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND AND OVERLORD OF THE OMNIVERSE.

NOT WHILE I LIVE.

THWOOM

SLAMMO

SHE
DEFIED ME, HE
HIT ME.

THAT
WAS *NOT*
FUN.

RIGHT,
THEN, TOP OF MY
AGENDA, *BOTH*
THOSE TWO...

--THEY
HAVE TO
DIE.



BUT
AFTER
THAT--

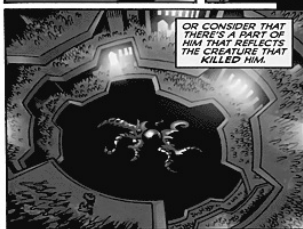
--WHAT
COMES NEXT?



HE DOESN'T THINK
A BIT ABOUT THE FACT
THAT HE'S DIFFERENT
THAN HE WAS.



OR CONSIDER THAT
THERE'S A PART OF
HIM THAT REFLECTS
THE CREATURE THAT
KILLED HIM.



IT WAS
CALLED THE
FURY.





I TRUST I'M NOT INTERRUPTING.



I'M HOPING I MIGHT IMPOSE A MOMENT OR TWO ON YOUR TIME.



THAT WASN'T VERY NICE.



OF COURSE WE CAN FIGHT...

...BUT I'D RATHER BE FRIENDS.



MUTUAL BENEFIT.

HELPING ME PROVIDES YOU WITH THE OPPORTUNITY OF VICTORY OVER BOTH ROMA AND BRIAN BRADDOCK. ARE YOU TEMPTED?





WE'VE
FOUND THE
JASPERS!

BUT
DO YOU SEE
WHO STANDS
BESIDE HIM?

IT'S THE
APOSTATE--
LADY ROMA'S
FATHER!



EX-CUSE
ME?

DO YOU
HAVE NO MANNERS
WHATSOEVER? THIS
IS A PRIVATE
CONVERSATION.

MONSTER,
D'YOU THINK
WE CARE?

EXCEEDINGLY
BAD FORM TO
INTERLUPT.
DON'T'CHA
KNOW?

THAT--
--WASN'T...
...VERY...
...NICE.

NOW,
IT'S MY
TURN.





NOW,
WHERE
WAS I?

AH, YES--
TIME TO ONCE MORE
MERGE THE GENETIC
FOUNDATION WITH THE
ACTUAL BODY.



DIDN'T
USED TO THINK
QUITE LIKE THIS.
AS I RECALL.



SHARPER
PERCEPTIONS.
SEEMS TO ME, AND
A STRONGER USE
OF THE WORDS
THEMSELVES.



WONDER IF THIS
RESURRECTION
BUSINESS IS GOOD
FOR THE OLD BRAIN.
WHAT?

WELL NOW--
ISN'T THIS A
SIGHT?

SEEMS
I'VE MADE THE
SPITTING IMAGE
OF THE CREATURE
THAT KILLED ME
LAST TIME?



NOW
WHY'D I WANT
TO BRING HIM
BACK?



THE STARLIGHT
CITADEL--

--HOME TO ROMA, WHO
SERVES AS PROTECTOR
OF THE OMNIVERSE.

IT ALSO FUNCTIONS AS
DE FACTO HEADQUARTERS
OF THE CAPTAIN BRITAIN
CORPS.

IN THE ABSENCE OF BRIAN
BRADDOCK, OPERATIONAL
COMMAND OF THE CORPS HAS
BEEN THE RESPONSIBILITY OF
OPAL LUNA SATURNINYE.

ROMA--

--WHAT'S
WRONG?

D'YOU
KNOW, I CAN'T
REMEMBER THE
LAST TIME I EVER
SHED A TEAR.

I WAS
STILL A CHILD
IN THOSE
DAYS.

THE
HEAVENS WERE LESS
CROWDED.

SUMMON THE
CORPS, SATURNINYE.
PREPARE THEM FOR
BATTLE.

THE
TIME HAS COME
TO FACE THE
REALITY...

...THAT ALL
THINGS--PERHAPS
EVEN ALL PEOPLE--
ARE ULTIMATELY
FINITE.

AND MUST
SOMEDAY COME
TO THEIR END.

LONDON.

WHAT
ARE YOU SO
SCARED OF,
GIRL?

GOOD
QUESTION. ACTUALLY,
WHAT AM I SO
SCARED OFF?

EVEN
WHEN I JUST
TOSS WISDOM
A GLANCE, HE
KNOWS IT.

IS HE
LAUGHING
AT ME?

THE HECK
WITH IT.

BEG PARDON.
MARISSA, PETE'S
NEEDED.

DO TELL?
WHASSUP?

ACTUALLY--
I HAVE A FAVOR
TO ASK.

YOU MEAN
THIS?

THAT
BIKE--

--HOW
COULD YOU
POSSIBLY
KNOW?

TRUST
ME, PETAL. IT
REALLY WASN'T
ALL THAT
DIFFICULT.

GIFT OF
HER MAJESTY'S
GOVERNMENT, FOR
SERVICES ET CETERA
ET CETERA.

MIND,
IF YOU WANT AN
OBJECTIVE PAIR OF EYES
TO HELP YOU CHOOSE
THE PROPER SET OF
TRAVELING
LEATHERS...

DO I TAKE
THAT AS A
"YES"?



LITTLE WHILE BACK, JOHN, I HAD A STROKE.



BAD AS THAT SOUNDS...



...IT COULD HAVE BEEN WAY WORSE.

I'VE GOT SOME HOLES IN MY MEMORY.



CAN'T READ AS EASILY AS I USED TO. RIGHT ARM'S A BIT WEAK.

RIGHT LEG'S WORSE.



I SEE
DOCTORS GALORE!
I HAVE A FULL
COURSE OF...

...OF...

...OF...



--C'MON,
BRAIN, DON'T YOU
DARE *DO* THIS TO
ME. JUST FIND THE
RIGHT *STUPID*
WORD!



I HAVE A
FULL COURSE
OF...

--*THERAPY!*



IT'S ALL
RIGHT, T.J.
JUST TAKE
IT EASY.

EASY FOR
YOU TO SAY. ALL
YOU WERE WAS
FUNCTIONALLY
DEAD.



GOOD
ONE!

JOHN, I'M SO
SCARED.

SUPPOSE
THIS IS AS
GOOD AS
I GET?



WELCOME
TO THE CLUB.

T.J. AS EXILES,
WE HAVE ACCESS TO
THE WHOLE WIDTH OF
CREATION, WHO *KNOWS*
WHAT'S OUT THERE.
WHAT WE MIGHT *FIND*
TO HELP SET THINGS
RIGHT?



BUT IN
THE END, WHAT
REALLY MATTERS
IS THAT WE'RE
ALIVE.

WE'RE
TOGETHER, T.J.
WE HAVE A
FUTURE.



THOSE TWO LOOK VERY GOOD TOGETHER.

D'YOU MEAN TJ AND HER BEAU--OR ALISON AND WISDOM?

WHERE'D THEY GO, THOSE TWO?



BETSY--WHAT'S WRONG?

YOU KNOW ABOUT HER AND LONGSHOT?

OF COURSE, BUT I HAVEN'T PRIED.

AFTER LOSING MEGGAN, I KNOW HOW SHE MUST FEEL.



BRIAN, LONGSHOT'S ALIVE.

HE'S PART OF THE EXILES.



BLOODY HELL.

WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING HIM--?!

HE'S LOST HIS MEMORY.



SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM. HE REMEMBERS NOTHING ABOUT HIS PAST.

NOT ME, NOT HIS TIME WITH THE X-MEN. NOT ALISON.

WE'LL HAVE TO TELL HER.



YOU KNOW, MOJO'S A PRISONER IN THE UNITED STATES--

--AND HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR LONGSHOT'S CONDITION--

--PERHAPS WE CAN PREVAIL UPON HIM TO SET THINGS RIGHT.



WHY'RE YOU SMILING?

WHEN YOU GET THAT LOOK--

--IT ACTUALLY MAKES MY BLOOD RUN A LITTLE COLD.





I WONDER WHO IT COULD BE *THIS* TIME--

--THE PRIME MINISTER'S GONE HOME. SO WITH OUR LUCK IT'LL LIKELY BE THE *QUEEN*--

--OH!



BRIAN!?!



YOUR
CAPTAIN
BRITAIN HAS
FALLEN.

FOLLOWING
HIS PRECIOUS
CORPS--

--AND THE
CREATURE WHO
BROUGHT THEM
TOGETHER--

--INTO
OBLIVION.

I AM
ROUGE-
MORT.

I AM
HERE TO PUT
YOU ALL--

--IN YOUR
GRAVES!



NEXT: IN TWO WEEKS--
FIRST BLOOD!

Megan



Scans by ThePyre

THE MINUTEMEN